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In gentler tones Secunda hopes  
"There will be nonsense in it!"  
While Tertia interrupts the tale  
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,  
In fancy they pursue  
The dream-child moving through a land  
Of wonders wild and new,  
In friendly chat with bird or beast—  
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained  
The wells of fancy dry,  
And faintly strove that weary one  
To put the subject by,

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"The rest next time—" "It is true"  
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland  
Thus slowly, one by one  
Its quaint events were heard  
And now the tale is done  
And home we steer, a merry crew  
Beneath the setting sun

Alice! A childish story told  
And, with a gentle hand  
Lay it where Childhood's dreams  
In Memory's mystic band  
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath  
Pluck'd in a far-off land

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